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Dear Sirs,

Since, as a biochemist, I have had a long standing interest in evolution, the following verse emerged the other evening as my own kind of deep sigh about the crazy state in which humanity seems to find itself these days. It is so sad that it is fairly funny and I thought it might make a suitable little piece for your humour magazine.

Here We Go

Not lost entirely - but nearly so -  
The human beast submerges fear  
And disregards the stark, cold fact of slow defeat.

His cranial growth,  
Outdistanced by the death of instinct and of love,  
Makes him an easy prey  
To the patient, peasant wisdom  
Of evolution.

Sincerely yours,

Christian B. Anfinsen  
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